

round and round we go

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round and round we go

by [Thestarvedghost](#)

Summary

Will Graham does not join Jack and the FBI on their search for the Tooth Fairy. Here is a brief look on where that leads him.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Will gets a letter. He knows who it's from, even if he doesn't open the envelope.

He wonders what Hannibal has written for him; An insult, a cruel descriptor of the life Will now leads? A genuine inquiry of Will's good health? Or, Will wonders, a blade that he seeks to deepen into himself, is Hannibal simply asking for a visit?

He doesn't know which one is worse, which one would be better.

He stares at the envelope for hours, tracing the edges, until he hears the sound of Molly coming home from work. Will hides the letter under some clothes in his drawer, and hates himself for it. He hates that he's allowed Hannibal back into his life like this, hates how much he thinks about Hannibal still, hates how he still thinks about the letter when he makes dinner, when Molly kisses him later, when she takes him to bed, when she curls up behind him as she drifts to sleep. Will lays in bed, listening to Molly's soft breathing, thoughts never leaving the envelope, until he finally can't stand it. He gets up silently, opening the drawer to get the letter.

Will builds a small fire, and sits in front of it, holding the letter in his hands. He thinks about throwing it in the fire, about reading it, about reading it and then throwing it in the fire. He imagines that if he brought the letter to his face, he could smell him.

He does none of that. He waits until the flames turn to embers, and then gets up, putting the letter back in his drawer, and goes to bed.

Will does this for two days.

On the third day, Jack Crawford goes to his home.

"All dead," Jack says.

"Full moon," Jack says.

"If we're lucky, we have a little over three weeks before he does it again." Jack says.

Will looks over to his wife and her son walking towards them, the dogs trying to sniff at the fish Walter caught. He thinks about the letter that he still has in his drawer. He wonders if he let Jack in his home, if he would be able to sense the letter.

Hark! Will thinks, louder! louder! louder! louder!

"Then I hope you get lucky." Will tells Jack, and makes Jack leave soon after that.

He lies to Molly about what Jack's visit was for- she's a smart woman, knows it about a case, how couldn't she, but he lies about the details. Will tells his wife Jack needed help about a case where a man takes fathers from happy families, and kills them, leaving them in a church

near the abduction site. Will knows this will be easier for her to swallow- no dead kids, no dead wife, and the church, well, Molly was raised Jewish. Still, Molly asks:

“What if he comes after you?”

Will looks at her for a moment, her lovely blonde hair, her furrowed brow, her warm hands that hold his own. He’s been with her for almost a year and a half, and he’s still falling in love with her. This skin of the man this love has made him, it feels awkward sometimes, tight in some places, too loose, almost worn down in others, but it's comfortable all the same. He knows how and where this love will take him. They will raise Walter together, and then he’ll leave for college, begin his own life, and then, someday, Will and Molly will die. A great old apple pie life. He thinks about the lie, that isn't a lie, that he told Molly- *He goes after happy families*.

“He won’t come for us.” Will tells her.

Molly is appeased, and they go to bed.

Will does his nightly ritual, edging closer to opening the letter, but not.

The FBI catch the family annihilator, the Tooth Fairy, two months later; in a way, that is. A suicide, the papers read, leaving only his girlfriend behind.

Will reads the story, and life stays the same. Nothing changes.

Nothing changes.

Will ignores the sense of loss this causes.

Two years pass, and Will gets another letter, and he hides it with the other. It joins his nightly routine. He gets a paper cut on the edges one night, and greatly enjoys the sight of his blood seeping through paper, the thought of getting his blood into the ink of Hannibal’s writing.

Three years after that, Will tries teaching Walter how to drive. He’s terrible at it, and they both hate it. Molly laughs good heartily at them, and takes over.

Another year, another letter. One night, Will cries over the three of them. Big, silent tears, careful not to wake his sleeping wife, his sleeping son. He misses Hannibal like an amputated limb. The pain of that comes and goes in waves, and that night was a tsunami. He doesn't return to the bed with his wife, instead puts the letters away and sits out on the porch until the sun rises.

Six years since Jack went to see him, since Will cut the last cord to his old life. Nine years since he last saw Hannibal, kneeling in the snow.

Will stares at the sink in the kitchen.

Walter is looking at colleges. All out of state, though all in New England. He wants to stay close, but 'not too close.' he told them. Will can see in the reflection of the window opposite him a brochure for SNHU that lays on the kitchen table. Will looks at the fish he's making for dinner instead.

His life has flown by him. Dull, boring life, a comfortable life, something out of a old rerun of a show he's seen a hundred times, the same, the same-

Will puts his hand to his eyes, blocking out the world.

He thinks of his letters in the bedroom, of his old life. Of Hannibal, rotting away in a cage. Of Abigail, rotting away in a grave. Will wonders at how many colleges she went to look for. *At least eight*, he thinks wrly.

Walter is looking at colleges.

Will feels like a shadow.

"Hey, Dad." Will hears behind him. *Wally's home*, Will thinks absently, turning around, dropping his hand.

He looks at Wally, this kid he raised, who calls him dad, who thinks of himself as Will's child.

"Dad? Are you okay?" Walter asks, but Will hears Abigail's voice layered over it.

Abigail: the kid he didn't raise, the one who didn't call him dad, who Will thought of as his child. Will's hand tightens in the kitchen knife, the one he was using to gut the fish.

"Dad?" Walter sounds scared, not for himself, but for Will. Walter has no reason to be afraid of Will. The Will he knows, the father, is a sweet man, a quiet man.

Will can't help but think about what life would be like when Walter leaves:

Him and Molly, alone.

Maybe Molly would want another kid, but probably not.

Him and Molly, alone.

Alone.

Will can't, he can't-

"Wally," Will says. He feels strange; not out of body, but too in his body. He feels like his soul has been weightened down, trapped in this person suit. Everything, all at once, feels too much. Hannibal, Abigail, Molly, Walter, Garret Jacob Hobbs, Randall Tier, Elliot Budish, every killer he has caught, every person he's killed, everything-

"Wally," Will says again. He puts his hand out for Walter to take. "Come here."

Walter does. Of course he does. Walter has no reason to be afraid of Will.

Will thinks himself a fool right then. A fool if he ever thought he ever understood Hobbs. He never could have, until this very moment.

The sight in front of him doesn't bleed into Abigail. It's just Walter. Walter, who Will taught to tie a tie, who drove him to his first date, who helped him with English, who went with him to college tours, who-

Who slices his throat.

Walter falls to the floor, eyes wide, confused, scared and in pain. Will goes down with him, lowers him gently to the floor, a father even in this. Walter bleeds out quickly, and dies in Will's arms. Just like Abigail. A beautiful sense of rightness overtakes Will in that moment, and he makes a low sound, deep in the back of his throat, almost animalistic.

He has the sudden thought, the sudden need, to take his step son in his arms, and find valuable organs, to cook, to consume. He doesn't know who the thought belongs to.

Garret Jacob hobbs? Hannibal?

Himself?

It doesn't matter, either way.

Will keeps the knife in his hand when he picks up Walter's body, carefully. He's about to place him on the dining room table, when Molly comes home.

Molly keeps a gun on her, had since someone broke in when Walter was 14, just her and him home that day, Will out trying to find one of their new dogs who ran away.

Molly keeps a gun on her, and that's what she uses to shoot Will in the shoulder when she sees him, knife in hand, standing over her son's body.

Round and round we go, Will thinks as his head hits the kitchen counter.

He sees himself in the Hobbs' kitchen, Jack's own bullet in the opposite shoulder, he sees himself in Italy, in Hannibal's arms, Chiyoh's bullet only an inch lower than the one right here, right now. He sees himself in the present, Molly sobbing as she grabs her boy's body tighter to her own, blood on her clothes.

"Walter!" She screams, dropping to her knees to grab her son from Will's arms. "What did you do, Will?!" Molly brings Walter's head to her neck, tucking him under her chin like he was a baby. "Why? Why would you?"

Where we stop, nobody knows, is Will's last thought before he blacks out.

The trial is short, and to the chase.

They find his letters from Hannibal, all unopened, and see the college brochures for Walter. It is generally assumed that those two factors were too much at once, that they brought him back to his last breakdown, and Will simply lost his mind. He fell back into the shoes of Garret Jacob Hobbs, one final time.

It's not true, not quite, but Will doesn't care to argue. He was not in Garret Jacob Hobbs' shoes, merely a coat, and it was not Hobbs' coat he was in. He borrowed it for this, and then shucked it off. He doesn't say anything during his trial, doesn't say anything to his lawyer. He doesn't even know what he would say to Molly, but luckily Molly doesn't give him the chance. She doesn't say anything to Will. The closest they got to communicating is when Will signed her divorce papers.

During the trial, when Molly talks, she does not look at him. She looks at the door, at the lawyers, at her lap. She does not look at Will as she condemns him, and Will loves her for that, still.

"Will was my second husband." Molly says to her hands. "I wish he was dead like my first. I wish I shot him in his heart."

"And why is that?" The prosecutor asks.

"He killed my son. He took the knife we use for cooking, and cut him up."

"Why do you think he did that?"

"I don't care to know...all I know is that something changed. My sweet man...he couldn't have...but he did. I don't know why he did this, I don't know why he snapped, but..." Molly squeezes her eyes tight when she whispers, "He lost his mind, but I lost my baby."

He's not surprised where he ends up, not really. It's a perverse version of a homecoming for him. Alana looks at him sadly, and some of the orderly look at him knowingly.

As he gets led to his cell, his eyes scan those around him, looking for the pair that he knows better than the one in his own head, two dark eyes he knows are here.

He doesn't find them.

When he closes his eyes, he feels them on him, nevertheless.

The cell he has in the BSHCI is not the basement cell he had before. It's about the same size, but three of the walls are white, padded, and gives the place a very sterile feel. It's similar to the one he first saw Abel Gideon in. Will places his forehead against the bars, and closes his eyes.

The broken teacup that is his life feels more intact, somehow. Things that were out of place now are slotting together. Dead child, estranged loved one. Will can basically smell the salt water from the Atlantic. Maybe he is crazy, finally, truly. Will starts to imagine what

Hannibal would say about that. He automatically begins to shy the thought away, but stops himself. No reason to deny himself here, like he has for the past nine years.

Tell me, Will, are you truly crazy, or just free? Hannibal would ask.

Free, Will thinks, and smiles against the bars.

In therapy, Alana asks him ‘Why?’

“What happened to Walter, needed to happen.” Will tells her. She looks at Will, broken, and Will wonders if that's what he looks like to her, as well.

He's there for a month, the only one on the floor, when something changes.

The cell across from him gets new sheets, gets a handful of books. Will knows what's going to happen before it does, can feel the change of air, can feel the movement upstairs as if he himself was walking around.

Hannibal, tied up and muzzled much like Will was a decade ago, is led into the cell across from Will.

Will looks at him through the bars of his cell, and thinks about a time in the same building, behind a cage, Hannibal free. He wants to laugh. He wants to cry. Apparently Hannibal still has some influence in the world. Will wonders what he must have over Alana to get transferred from the cell he had for the past 9 years, to this one.

“Hello, Dr. Lecter.” Will says slowly. The words are freeing. A knowing, of a sort. Will lets out a breath.

Across Will, in his own cell, Hannibal smiles. It is not the winner's smile from the past. It is simply the smile of a man relieved; A man in love. “Hello, Will.”

End Notes

Shout out to my friend Claude (@cannibalgender on tiktok) for saying they head canon that Will would kill Walter before he went to college if he stayed with Molly, inspiring me to speed write this.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!